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Everything at home goes on like  
clockwork. Miss Abby is an active house-  
keeper. She desires to be affectionately re-  
membered to you all.

Roxbury, Sept. 25, 1877.

My dearly beloved Daughter:

I had scarcely mailed a letter  
to you at San Francisco before a telegram  
was received by William from Harry, direct-  
ing letters to be sent to Denver. It is hardly  
probable, therefore, that you got it before your  
departure. It seems, by a later telegram,  
that you were not to leave S. F. before last  
Saturday. By this time you may be in Den-  
ver, where you will <sup>are</sup> very likely remain some  
days; but as we instructed to send all letters  
from this date to St. Louis, we shall hope to  
see you here by the 10th inst. You cannot  
come too soon, nor stay too long. I sin-  
gularly enough, just at this moment the  
postman leaves a letter from you, dated  
San Francisco, Sept. 17, giving an account  
of your visit to Angel Island with Prof.  
Hilgard, and other interesting particulars;



and enclosing a brief note from darling Helen for her dear uncle Frank, who will be much gratified to read it when he returns from the Riverside Press this evening.]

I consulted Dr. White, a few days since, with regard to the return of my tormenting ailment — an intolerable itching from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, as though I was stung by a swarm of mosquitoes, fleas, and ants, including a liberal application of nettles — making my nights equally restless and sleepless. He says the cause of it is irritability of the nerves, and he prescribed certain pills to be taken three times a day, and a wash to be applied externally — taking at night a dose of bromide of potassium to induce sleep. I already feel somewhat relieved, and, remembering how speedily Dr. W. helped me before, I am encouraged to hope that, by the time you reach here, I shall be almost delivered from this trouble. My



kidney ailment, however, (of long standing,) continues, and is very weakening. In other respects I am feeling and looking well, with a good appetite, and having gained in weight (strange to say, notwithstanding these drawbacks), by my visit abroad, not less than seven pounds! — Frank is certainly very much better.

Yesterday I went to Dorchester to call upon Mrs. Emerson, understanding that she had been seriously ailing all summer. She declined seeing me, as she does every one, not excepting Miss Young and Carrie, whom she will not allow to be in the room with her, whether above or below stairs, nor will she eat with them. She is hallucinated with the belief that her sins are unpardonable, and, consequently, that everlasting damnation is her doom! This is positive derangement, but there is no reasoning with her. It is sad indeed, and a terrible shock to Miss Young and Carrie.



I have called twice to see Mary Willey, who has also been most alarmingly ill all summer. She is slightly better, and may possibly recover; though the chances seem very much against her. She inquired very affectionately after you, and Harry, and the children.

To-morrow Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are hoping to welcome the arrival of John Ritchie and his young German wife at their home. It will be an occasion for general congratulation, if all has gone well with the couple.

Willie Wright and his wife, from Florida, are spending some days with William and Ellie. Eliza Osborne and daughter are expected to-morrow.

Prof. Pitman is to be married next month to the satisfaction of all parties.

Mr. Anthony, at Cambridgeport, is quite unwell, requiring a doctor.

Love to Harry and the darlings!